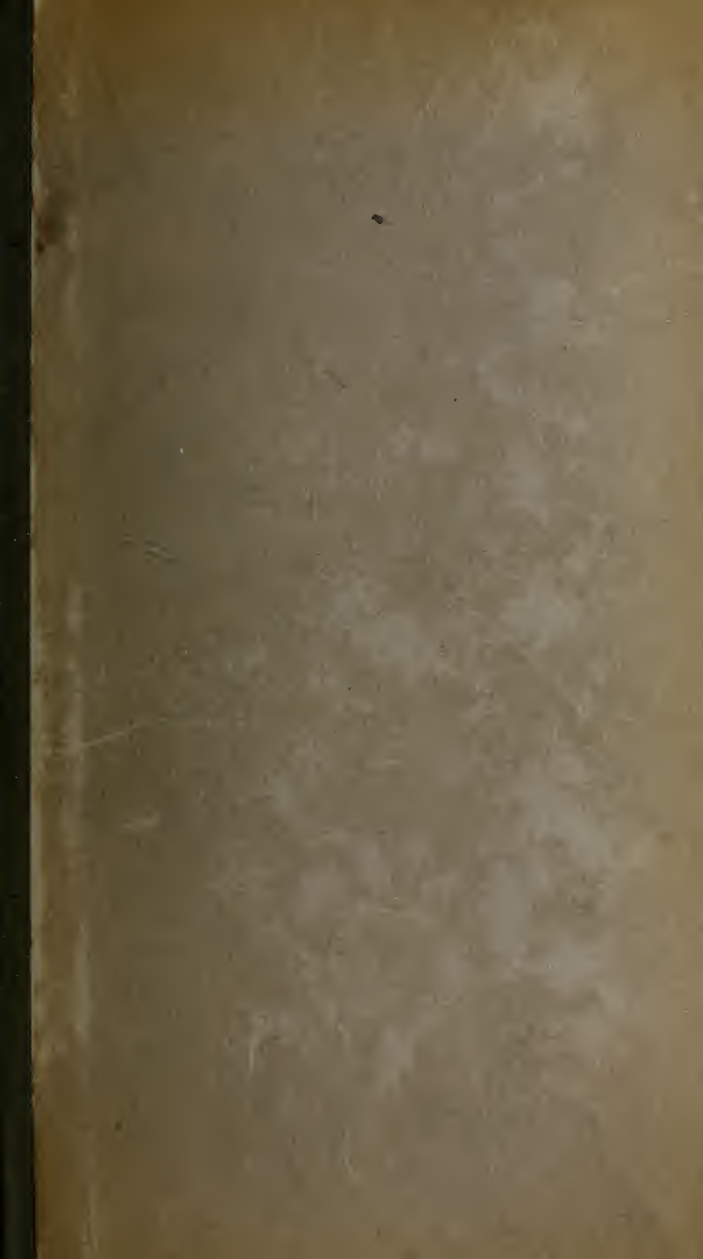
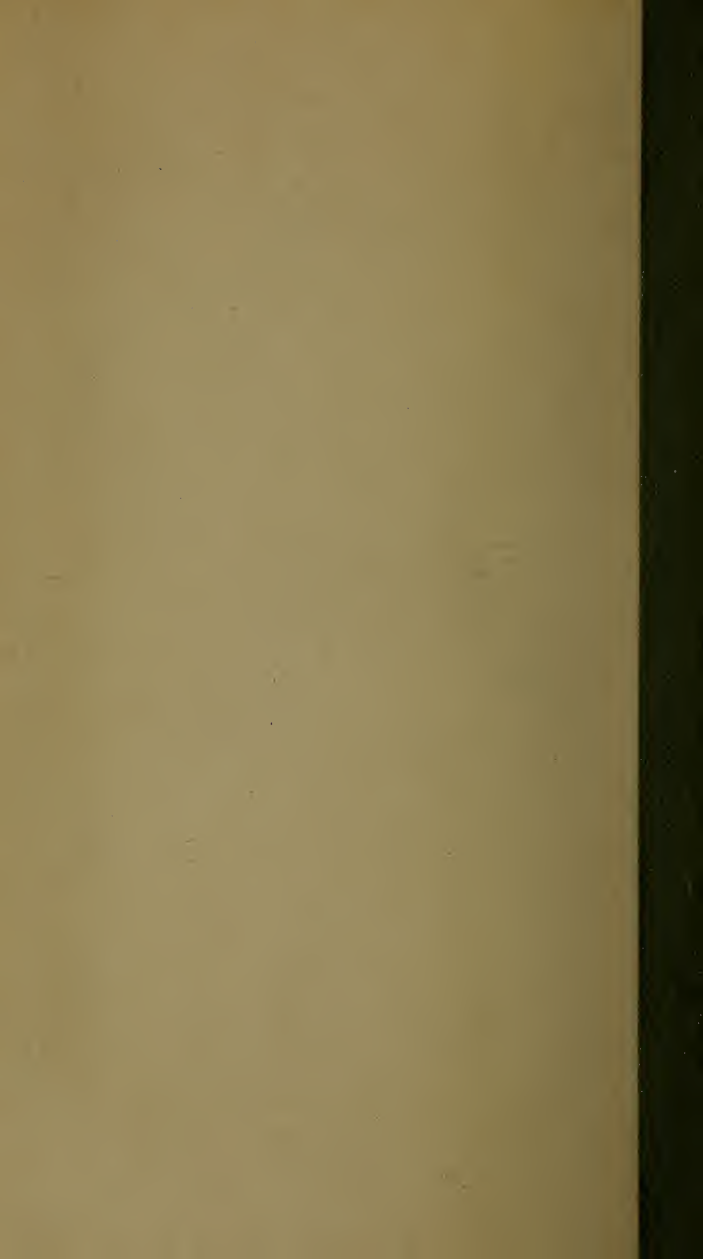






BINDING LIST NOV 1 1922

THE
TRAGEDY OF
LADY ISABELLA.



Sirling, Printed by C. Randall.



THE
LADY ISABELLA'S TRAGEDY

THERE was a Lord of worthy fame,
and a hunting he would ride,
Attended with a noble train
of gentry by his side:

And when he did in chace remain,
to see both sport and play,
His Lady went, as she did feign,
upon the church to pray.

The Lord he had a Daughter fair,
whose beauty shone so bright,

She was belov'd both far and near,
by many a Lord and Knight.

Fair Isabella she was call'd
a creature fair was call'd,
She was her Father's only joy,
as afe you shall see.

But now her cruel Step-Mother
did envy her so much.
That day by day she fought her life,
her malice it was such.

She bargain'd with the Master-Cook,
to take her life away,
And calling of her Daughter ear,
she thus to her did say;

O home sweet Daughter. I the pray,
go hasten presently,

And tell unto the Master Cook
these words that I tell thee,

Go bid him dress for dinner straight,
the fair and milk-white Doe,
Which in the park does shine so bright,
there's none so fair a show.

The Lady fearing of no harm.
obey'd her Mother's will,
And presently she hasted home,
her mind for to fulfil.

She straight into the kitchen went,
her message for to tell,
And there she spy'd the Master-Cook,
who did with malice swell,

Now Master-Cook it must be so,
do that which I tell,

You needs must dress the milk-white Doe,
and that you know full well.

Then straight his bloody hands,
he on the Lady laid,
Who quiverig and shaking stands
whilst thus to her he said,

Thou art the Doe that I must dress,
see here, behold my knife!
For it is pointed presently
to ride thee of thy life.

O then cries out the Scullion-boy
as loud as loud might be;
O save her life good Master-Cook,
and make your pyes of me.

For Heaven's sake do not murder
my Mistrefs with that knife;

You know she is her Father's joy,
for Christ's sake save her life.

I will not save her life.
nor make my pyes of the,
And if thou do this deed betray,
thy butcher I will be.

Now when his Lord he did come home,
for to sit down to eat,
He called for his daughter dear,
to come and carve his meat.

Out and spoke this cruel step Dame,
she's not here, nor to be got ;
Into some nunn'ry she'll have gone,
your Dauhter now forget,

Then solemnly he made vows
before the company,

That he would neither ear nor drink,
before he did her see.

O then bespoke the Scullion-boy,
with a voice both loud and high,
If that you would you Daughter see,
Good Sir, cut up the pye!

Whercin her flesh is minced small,
and parched with the fire!
All caused by her Step-Mother,
who did her life desire,

O cursed be the Master Cook,
O cursed may he be,
proffer'd him my own heart's-blood,
from death to set free..

Then all in black, his Lord did mourne,
and for his Daughter's sake.

He judg'd the cruel Step-Mother,
for to be burnt at stake.

Likewise he judg'd the Master-Cook,
in boiling oil to stand;
And made the simple Sculion-boy,
the heir of all his land.

FINIS.

